EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

CORTHELL SC.

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

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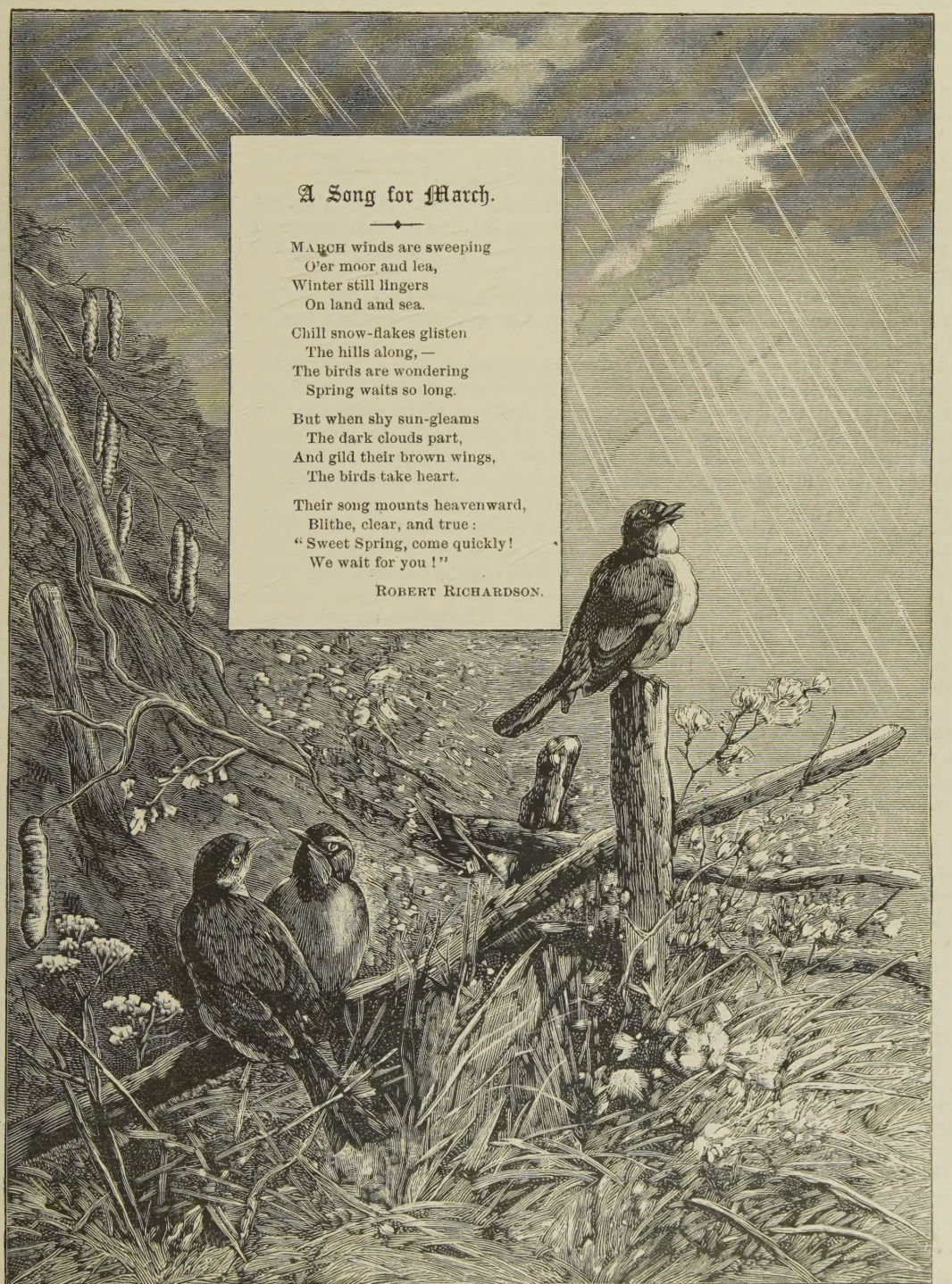


A Song for March.

MARCH winds are sweeping
O'er moor and lea,
Winter still lingers
On land and sea.

Chill snow-flakes glisten
The hills along, —
The birds are wondering
Spring waits so long.

But when shy sun-gleams
The dark clouds part,
And gild their brown wings,
The birds take heart.

Their song mounts heavenward,
Blithe, clear, and true:
"Sweet Spring, come quickly!
We wait for you!"

ROBERT RICHARDSON.

TOM MILLER'S CONVERSION.

BY MRS. JULIA H. MOSHER.

EVERYBODY was noticing how much Tom Miller had been improving of late. He no longer showed the unlovely and disagreeable traits that had for so long a time made his playmates shun him, and leave him for a good part of the time to play by himself. His teachers saw how hard he was trying to be studious and prompt with his lessons. "What has come over the boy?" they said.

"What can it mean?" asked his tired and sad-looking mother. This mother was growing old too fast under a load of cares and burdens that Tom had never helped her to carry. "I do not understand it," she told her daughter Bessie. Bessie was younger than Tom, but for all that she had been her mother's main stay and sole confidant ever since the father had died and left her alone with three children to support.

"What a change has come over him!" Mrs. Miller went on. "He really is showing some of your dear father's kind and thoughtful ways."

"I know," answered Bessie; "and he is not thinking of himself all the time either. And Mamma, Mattie and I even heard him saying his prayers the other night. I know it was real mean in us to listen, but it *did* sound so strange to hear that from Tom's room, when we both thought he would go off to bed mad that night because you had told him he could n't have something he had asked you to buy for him. Why Mamma," added Bessie with increasing astonishment, "once you know how he would have stormed about it, and as likely as not have said bad words before us all." And the little girl sat and thought about it until her curly yellow head was puzzled almost into an ache over what seemed to be the sudden conversion of her heretofore bad brother Tom.

Let me tell you what it did mean. Tom Miller *was* a changed boy; but at that time he himself did not know it. Outsiders were reading the signs, but he had not yet realized that "a new birth" had taken place in his heart. There was one thing about it however that Tom did realize most fully. It was this. He had made a great resolve, and he meant to live up to it. He had resolved to give up his bad habits, and as he was a boy with a very strong and resolute will he was in a fair way to succeed.

The night Tom had determined to reform, he lay awake a long time looking into his heart, and giving himself "a good conscience-clearing," as he said afterward. As he began to count up his faults he saw a sorry train of them. They filed out into the line so thick and fast that Tom's courage was shaken.

"I did n't know I was so bad," said the awakened boy, hiding his head under the bedclothes and shuddering at the picture of himself his own honesty had drawn. "Can a fellow ever clear himself from such a troop of sins as that? Oh, I am afraid not, I have been in them too long. I am too, too wicked!"

While he was in this most forlorn condition, trying to think of some way out of his perplexities, he heard his mother's voice singing downstairs, —

"As thy day, thy strength shall be."

His mother sang this hymn a good deal. It was a dull old thing he had always thought before. He hated religious tunes, any way. But something in it now held his attention. "As thy day" — the voice went on singing. Tom lost the rest, for his mother was going about from room to room downstairs, doing things to make the family comfortable for the night, and to save her steps in the morning.

"How busy Mother always is!" thought Tom. "It 's always work, work, work, with her. She never sits down. You never see her in a pretty dress, and sewing nice things like some boys' mothers; and Sundays it 's always the same old dress, and that dreadful black veil! Oh, how I hate it!"

These thoughts angered Tom, but it was only for a moment, for there was a better voice in his heart. Once he would not have listened to this voice, but would have gone on piling up his own discomforts, and mourning over them; but this night he was making a clean breast of his sins, and they must be shown up in all possible lights. The better voice in his heart said: "That hated veil shades a sweet face, — a face too that looks old beyond its years. Your mother's life has not been an easy one since your father died, and have you been any help or comfort to her, or to any one else, as to that matter?"

Tom lay very still, and went on thinking and listening. "As thy day, thy strength" came up again from below, — from very far below, too, it seemed this time.

"What! Is Mother down cellar for coal?" exclaimed Tom, half springing from his bed to listen.

"Yes," spoke up another voice. This was the voice of the Tempter, who was lurking in an unexplored corner of Tom's heart, waiting for his opportunity. That opportunity had now come, and he must make the most of it. But wise as the Tempter is, how strangely he overshoots his mark sometimes!

"Yes," the mocking voice went on, "Why not?"

"I must go and help her," said Tom with another effort to rise.

"Oh, no, no, no!" suggested the evil voice, "she *always* does it, she 's used to it. Women's work, you know; you are no help to her, that 's one thing sure, ha-ha!" and the poor boy seemed to hear the horrid mocking voice as plainly as if some one had actually spoken in his ear.

It was too true, Tom had never helped. His mother *was* "used to it."

"Oh, how ungrateful I have been!" he groaned again, as he lay dragging out sin after sin into the full strong light of his newly awakened conscience. They seemed like an army of giants.

Tom was cut to the heart. He wanted to get away from himself. He hid his head again under the pillow, and with tears and sobs humbly confessed what an ungrateful selfish boy he had been.

"Forgive, oh, forgive me, dear Father in heaven!" he prayed; "only show me how to begin, and I *will* be a better boy."

Never was a prayer more quickly answered. The dove-winged Comforter never came with a swifter flight than it came then into the heart of this earnest, honest, self-searching boy. His mother's song was his answer, —

"As thy day, thy strength shall be."

The voice was coming nearer: Mother was coming up to bed.

A thought flashed upon Tom. "Does that song mean just a day at a time? A portion of strength for *one day?* Is *that* what makes Mother sing it so much? Does she live on little bits of comfort gathered up in that way?" Tom watched the glimmer of his mother's candle as it came and went under his door.

"Ask and ye shall find," whispered the new guest in his heart.

"I will!" spoke out Tom, so loudly that his mother heard him.

"Tom, did you call? Do you want anything?"

"No, Mother, I did n't call, thank you. I only — Good-night, Mother!"

Had Tom a new voice? There was certainly a little quiver in his mother's, as she answered, "Good-night, my son!"

And that was the way Tom did it. Not all at once, to be sure. He did not wake up next morning and find the world suddenly grown radiant; the songs of the early birds were no sweeter, or the flowers in his window any more beautiful to him. He was neither transported nor transformed; but the experiences of that night when he looked so deeply into himself had been his starting point. "I will do it for one day at least," he had said; "Mother's song promises strength for that much." Sometimes he had all he could do to grasp and hold his day's portion; but the firm, resolute will that had kept him a bad boy for the time, now served him a much better turn when he set out to conquer himself.

He did the best he could every day. Little by little, step by step, small gains from day to day, with a great deal of patience and trust, — that was the way of Tom's "conversion."

One day there came a great victory over a great temptation; then Tom Miller knew, as everybody else did, that he had indeed been "born from above," — born into the strength, the peace, and the joy of that Christ-life whose deep sources are hid in God.

A HAPPY MORNING.

BY RUTH DANA.

ON a bright spring day, there went from a lowland city to the hill-country a little boy and his nurse. The child was pale and delicate. He had been sick all winter, but now he was to be on a farm, and to live out of doors all the sunny hours.

Spring passed, and summer came. Letters went daily between home and the farm. Linda wrote to father and mother that the little sick child who had lain in the hammock under the great maple tree in front of the farmhouse had gone, nobody knew where, and in his stead had come their own Frolic, who ran hither and thither over the farm, and was as hungry and happy as a genuine boy could be.

One beautiful morning Frolic and his nurse went to walk. The grass grew close to the road on either side, and two long narrow lines of grass ran along in the middle of the road, between the ruts made by wheels and the deeper rut made by horses' feet. This road climbed up over a crest of the great hill, then ran down a little way to a tinkling, twinkling brook, then climbed to a still higher crest, and curved out of sight.

Frolic was going to the little brook. A part of the grassy road led between tall trees with a thick undergrowth of young trees of the same kind, — balm-of-Gilead. In the early morning and at evening, when the dew was on them, they filled the air with fragrance. Their glossy dark-

green leaves glittered in the sunlight, and fluttered and rustled in the breezes that blew over the hill every day. The trees were favorites with everybody at the farm.

Just as Frolic came to this pleasant part of the road, he suddenly stopped. In a moment he looked back and said under his breath, "Oh, Linda!" His hands were clasped together, his face full of delight.

It is said that trouble shared is halved, while pleasure shared is doubled. Linda understood that she was asked to share, and so to double, some great pleasure. She knelt on the grass, put her arm around the little child, laid her cheek against his, and followed his glance. It was a bird that he was looking at. Such a tiny creature, hardly bigger than a canary, but with wonderfully beautiful plumage of brilliant blue! The bird's wings were spread and trailing; its soft feathers ruffled, and it ran back and forth at a little distance from them uttering a strange, low cry.

"We must go away," whispered Linda, "the bird is frightened." Rising carefully, she lifted Frolic, and stepped back very slowly and softly till they were out of sight of the bird.

Linda then led Frolic around the trees to the fence that separated the road from the fields. There were bars near by, so the two, leaving the road, went through a sloping field to the edge of the brook. Here a huge tree grew, with great gnarly roots which made very good, shady seats. When they had settled themselves comfortably under the tree, Frolic said, "What made the bird be frightened?"

"I think," replied Linda, "that he had a nest close by in the bushes, and a little wifie on the nest, and perhaps some baby birds there too; and he was afraid we might see them and hurt them."

"But we did n't see any nest, and we would n't hurt the birds. He need n't be afraid."

"No; but birdie could not know that."

"But why did he think we would hurt them?" persisted Frolic.

"People are not always kind to the dear little birds, Frolic. A great many boys, and men too, are very cruel. They hunt for the birds' nests purposely to steal their eggs, or the nest itself. They often kill the father and mother, and then the baby birds must die, even if the nest is not found. Did you not think this little bird very beautiful?"

"Yes, I never saw such a *blue* bird."

"Neither did I. It must be a rare bird here. But Frolic, some people would have wished to kill the little creature, just because he is so beautiful."

"Oh, Linda, how could they?"

"Because they could sell his pretty feathers. There are people who care nothing for the living bird and his nest and his cunning little happy wife and the tiny babies he loves. But these very people will pay money to have the bird killed that they may have his bright blue feathers to try to make themselves look fine. And so the dear little birds are killed, and killed wherever they can be found. It is no wonder they have learned to be afraid, is it?"

Frolic stood up. His cheeks were crimson, his eyes flashed, his small hands were clinched; he stamped his foot in his childish indignation, and said, speaking fast, —

"It's mean! It's cruel! They sha'n't do it. When I 'm a man I won't let them."

Linda looked at him. His lip quivered suddenly, and he sprang into her lap and threw his arms around her neck.

"Am I naughty?"

"No, indeed, darling. It is right to feel sorry for the helpless birds; it is right to want to defend them. When you are a man I hope you will feel just so."

Toot-toot-too-oo-oot.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Frolic, regretfully; "Do you suppose they are blowing the horn for us? It is so nice here by the brook."

"I don't know," said Linda, rising, "but we must find out. Let 's see which will get to the big maple first. One, two, three, and away!"

It was a merry race. Frolic was ahead, but was stopped by the bars. Linda came up and let them down. Frolic dashed through the opening, but checked himself.

"It would n't be fair to be running when you are shutting the bars," he said, looking back to Linda. He waited for her to come up, and they made a fresh start. It was but a little way to the house now.

Under the great maple, somebody was standing very erect, looking abroad at the beautiful country. Under the great maple, somebody was sitting on the grass, leaning against the tree-trunk.

Laughing and panting, Frolic ran directly over papa's feet, and tumbled headlong into mamma's lap. He scrambled up as quickly as he could and — "I beg your pardon, papa," said he, as soon as he found breath to speak. Almost before the words were out of his mouth, he was up in the air seven feet or more from the ground, and a gruff voice from under a moustache was saying, —

"Are you quite sure I am your papa? You don't look much like the boy that went away from my house six or seven weeks ago. Do you really think I belong to you?"

"Yes-I-do," gurgled a voice up aloft, as well as it could for laughter.

By much struggling and twisting, Frolic at last succeeded in planting his feet square upon papa's shoulders. Then he slipped down till he could seize papa's ears, and give him a sailor-kiss, which he did. "Now do you know me?" said he.

"I think I will own you," papa replied, and putting his son down, he turned to his wife to say, — "The boy is amazingly strong, Marian." But there was little need to tell her that good news, for she was already hopelessly entangled in a singular coil of arms and legs, while a voice whispered softly in her ear, — "O mamma! mamma! my own dear, darling, precious mamma!"

History and Biography.

A MODERN ISAAC.

BY HOPE BENNETT.

MANY, many years ago, in the State of New Jersey, a certain young couple set up housekeeping in a hen-house. Now, don't think for a moment that they were hens because they lived in a hen-house, for they were not; they were real human beings, and the small building which the young man's father had used for a hen-house had been cleaned and whitewashed and fitted up, till it was as comfortable a home for the little bride as any in the land.

Here the newly married pair lived for several years very happily, and during this time two little children came to them. It is about one of these, whose name was Isaac, that I am going to tell you. He was a very precocious child, and was always asking questions and puzzling his little brain over the reasons of things. When he was about eighteen months old, his father began to build a new house, not far from the old one. Isaac saw the carpenters laying the foundation, and wondered if the grass would grow under it; he ran over to the hen-house to see if the grass was growing under that. When he was a little fellow in petticoats, he walked into the duck-pond one day to find out how deep it was. His mother dragged him out, and said, "Isaac, if you ever go there again, I will make you come out faster than you went in." Isaac thought he would prove that what she said was impossible, so as soon as she took her hands off him, he rushed in, very sure that he could not come out any faster.

As soon as Isaac was large enough to handle a hoe, he was put at work on the farm; but although he had to work very hard, he was always ready for fun, and gained rather a bad reputation in the neighborhood on account of his mischievous pranks; but he was never malicious and never meant to hurt any one.

Once at school, Isaac put sand into the dinner-pail of one of his schoolmates, — a poor little boy, who never had half enough to eat at best, and when he saw the small amount he had been able to bring from home spoiled by the sand, he began to cry bitterly. Isaac was watching to see the effect of his joke, and when he saw how disappointed the boy was, he was filled with remorse, and ran up to him, saying, "Oh, never mind, Billy, I did it for fun; but I 'm sorry I did it. Come, you shall have half my dinner;" and ever afterward he gave Billy a share from his own well-stocked pail.

Isaac was very fond of animals, and had a great many pets. One time he traded with a boy for a squirrel. He made a little nest of moss for it, and fed it very carefully; but he did not put it in a cage, because he knew that no creature brought up in the woods could be happy in confinement. Bun soon became very much attached to her little master, and would run to him when he called her, like a kitten. Often while he was at school, she would go off to the woods to play with the other squirrels, but as soon as she heard Isaac calling her on his way home, she would run along from tree to tree till she reached him, then jump down on his shoulder, and ride home to supper.

For a long time Isaac kept a crow, which he had found when it was just beginning to learn to fly. He named it Cupid, and soon it was so tame that it would eat out of his hand, and perch on his shoulder or hat. It used to follow him around when he was at work on the farm, and even went to mill with him. The crow used to sleep on the roof of a shed, just under Isaac's bedroom window. One night there was a great cawing. Isaac heard it, but thinking the crow was talking in his sleep, did not take the trouble to get up to see what the matter was.

In the morning the crow was gone, and Isaac several days after found his bones and feathers on a stump, a little way from the house. Probably the owls had come and carried poor Cupid off in the night.

This little boy Isaac grew up to be a very good and useful man. He did a great deal for the poor and needy, and was especially interested in the colored people of the South, many of whom he helped to escape from slavery and find happy homes in the North. If you ever wish to know more about him, read the "Life of Isaac T. Hopper," by Lydia Maria Child.

THE learned eye is still the loving one.

Our Letter-Box.

We would acknowledge the receipt of correct answers to enigmas in Nos. XI. and XII. from A. T. A., Boston; E. G., M. M. S., Fairhaven; C. H., Concord; and B. M. D., Lawrence. The original enigmas they send will appear in time. If Misses Kate Houts and Myrtie Follett will send us the answers to their enigmas, we shall be very happy to print them. We must say again that answers should always be sent with all puzzles intended for the Letter-Box.

The letter given first interests us very much. We like the enigma, and we are very sorry for the chopped finger, which we hope has grown together by this time. Master Pratt certainly showed himself a very brave boy. The second letter, sent us by an unknown friend, we would recommend to the attention of all our readers. Who will be the first to find out Shakspeare's words and send them to the Letter-Box?

Chelsea, Feb. 5, 1888.

To the Editor of the Every Other Sunday:

Dear Sir, — I am a constant reader of the Every Other Sunday, and think it a very nice paper. I have had very bad luck with myself. On Thursday, Jan. 26, in the afternoon, I went down in the cellar to chop some wood. I had chopped quite a lot, and had hold of a block to steady it while I chopped, and instead of chopping the wood I chopped my finger off about half an inch or more. It was the middle finger of the left hand. I went to an apothecary's shop on the corner of Fourth and Broadway with my father, and the man took some sticking-plaster and stuck it on. I did not cry a bit, but fainted twice. I have been looking at the page where the enigmas and puzzles are, and I thought that I would like to make one; and so I sat down and tried to make one. I hope to see the enigma in your next paper, or as soon as you can put it in. I will now give the enigma as I made it. You may not think it a very good one; but it is my first trial, and so you could not expect it of me.

I am yours truly,

Wallace A. Pratt, 12 years.

ENIGMA XVIII.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 1, 11, 16, is a kind of drink.
My 7, 8, 4, is the opposite of peace.
My 10, 2, 12, is a domestic fowl.
My 14, 3, 16, is a heavy weight.
My 15, 13, 4, 6, is a giant of fairy tales.
My 10, 8, 14, is a covering for the head.
My 1, 8, 9, 10, is a cut.
My 15, 4, 8, 12, 1, 6, is a kind of fruit.
My 7, 11, 16, 1, is what birds use to go from one place to another with.
My whole is the name of a famous man whose birthday comes in the shortest month in the year.

Perhaps some of the readers of Every Other Sunday have owned a bee-hive. If they have not only owned but cared for one, they will know more of bees and their habits than any one can tell them.

Learned men have described their wonderful skill, the shape of the cells in the honeycomb, and the curious process of making honey. These naturalists tell us that bees are not simply industrious, but that there is great order in the hive.

It would hardly do to say that Dr. Watts once wrote "How doth the little busy bee improve each shining hour," for every boy would shout something that would sound like slang. But everything that was written hundreds of years ago is not stale.

Older boys and girls can find a true thing that Shakspeare says about bees. It is in the play of "King Henry V.," Act i., Scene 2. The words are put in the mouth of the Archbishop of Canterbury to describe a good government.

By a Reader of Every Other Sunday.

ENIGMA XIX.

I am composed of 27 letters.
My 23, 20, 1, 13, 10, is a very large animal which lives in the ocean.
My 21, 13, 4, 2, 10, is a girl's name.
My 20, 5, 22, 17, 27, 3, is what we all ought to be.
My 2, 24, 2, 14, 11, — 22, 15, 19, 7, are fruits which grow in the warm climates.
My 8, 13, 17, 17, 9, is something we all do at night.
My 16, 25, 4, 6, 12, is something which we could not live without.
My 2, 1, 18, 26, 4, 6, 1, 13, is a flower.
My whole is a proverb which it would be well to remember at all times.

Edith A. Hargraves.

ENIGMA XX.

My first is found in book, but not in paper;
My next is found in light, but not in taper;
My third in Indian is, yet not in savage;
My fourth is found in spoil, yet not in ravage.
My whole completes a Union, great and wide;
Prosperous and strong may it abide!

C. R. C.

ENIGMA XXI.

I am composed of 17 letters.
My 4, 14, 6, 7, is something which women used to do.
My 2, 8, 13, 17, is a rate of speed.
My 12, 15, is a command.
My 1, 2, 9, is a sea term.
My 16, 10, 11, 12, is a band for the fingers.
My 3, 5, 17, is an active verb.
My whole is the title of a picture in Every Other Sunday.

Elsie F. Fay.

ENIGMA XXII.

I am composed of 34 letters.
My 2, 17, 21, 34, 12, was the daughter of the Anglo-Saxon King Edgar, who founded a nunnery at Wilton, and was sainted by the Church.
My 1, 13, 3, 30, 15, is a negative adverb.
My 14, 5, 33, 17, 18, 4, is built over the water.
My 31, 12, 30, is an article.
My 14, 7, 33, 17, 18, 30, 20, is the female patron saint of Ireland.
My 6, 15, 32, 9, 9, is to go over.
My 10, 19, 3, 30, 15, 4, is austere and stern.
My 24, 28, 26, is yourself.
My 20, 25, 29, is a boy's name.
My 27, 8, 11, 16, 22, 23, 16, 28, 1, is a kind of dance.
My whole is an old saying.

Kathleen Warren.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

21. The country of Moab.
22. On the eastern shore of the Dead Sea.
23. At the time of its greatest prosperity it extended from the hills that lie near the southern extremity of the Dead Sea to the hills of Gilead in the north.
24. They did not, as the Moabites refused to allow them to do so, being very much alarmed by their numbers. (See Judges xi. 17, 18, and Numbers xxii. xxiii. xxiv.)
25. The tribe of Reuben.
26. Sometimes one and sometimes the other. (See Judges iii. 12, 13, 14; 2 Kings iii. 4, 5; 2 Chronicles, xx.; 1 Samuel xiv. 47; 2 Samuel viii. 2; Nehemiah xiii. 23.)
27. They were idolaters, worshipping idols.
28. Moses.

For Youngest Readers.

PRINCE.

BY MRS MARY JOHNSON.

FRED had to make quite a long trip on horseback — eighteen or twenty miles — to do an errand. He saddled his pretty horse Prince, and started in high spirits; for it was a beautiful summer morning, and he liked riding very much.

He rode along for about half the distance, when he began to feel hungry. Having eaten his breakfast very early, he had put a lunch in his pocket.

So he turned Prince to the side of the road, where a large old oak-tree cast a pleasant shade, jumped off, and sat down on a grassy bank beside a merry, rippling brook. Prince, quiet and gentle, stood by his side. Fred had a pretty good lunch, — bread and butter, slices of cold meat, and home-made gingerbread. Prince turned his pretty head, and looked at his young master in an entreating way, and once put his nose into Fred's hand.

"You want some, do you, Prince?" said the boy, patting his face, and giving him a slice of buttered bread. Prince put it out of sight very quickly, and asked for more. Fred gave him more bread, and gingerbread, too, which Prince liked very much. And then both boy and horse had a drink of the clear, cool brook.

Fred mounted, and rode on; attended to his business, and started for home. Prince trotted, cantered, and walked, keeping steadily on until he had completed about half the return journey, when he turned out of the road and stopped so suddenly that he gave Fred quite a lift in the saddle. For a moment the boy was astonished; for Prince, though young, was a very steady, sensible, good-tempered horse, and not given to whims. But there were the oak-tree, the grassy bank, and rippling brook, where they had stopped in the morning, and Prince evidently expected to lunch with his master again.

But as Fred had given his horse a good dinner of oats and hay, and he was going directly home to supper, he did not seem to need a second lunch of gingerbread. So Fred turned Prince into the road again, patted his neck and talked to him, and thereupon the pony ambled on toward home quite contentedly.

THE TWO KITTYS.

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

MY MOTHER'S TOAD.

BY K. HAGAR.

My mother was always very happy in her garden; but she had one trial, and that was the devastation made by the worms on her currant bushes. As she was a little lame, she used to take a chair and seat herself by a bush, and day after day pick off the leaves that were covered with the little green worms, and throw them into a basket in order to bring them in and burn them. The fruit was so nearly ripe, that she did not like to put hellebore on the bushes.

She came in one day very much amused at what she called her visit with a big toad. After this, every morning as soon as she seated herself by the currant bushes, the toad would appear at the edge of her dress, solemnly waiting for his meal. When she first noticed him, she saw that when she dropped a leaf outside of her basket he would dart out his tongue; the worms would adhere to it, and they would disappear in his wide mouth (I need hardly say that he had no teeth), and then he would look solemnly up to her as though asking for more. He was quite large for a toad, about three inches and a half long, with a large head and brilliant eyes, his body short, thick swollen, and covered with warts as we call the papillæ. The outside of his body was a reddish brown; a light ash-colored stripe went from the top of his head down the middle of his back, and on each side were several blotches edged with black and surrounded by a dull yellowish line; the under side of his body was a dusky yellowish white sprinkled with brown spots. "Spotted as a toad" we say, and the spots are of various colors, sizes, and shapes. He had four long toes on his fore-feet, and five on his hind-feet, and his hind-legs were longer than the others.

My mother often wished, as she surveyed her long row of currant bushes, that this wise old toad could climb and help himself to the little worms. In that case how useful he would have been to her!

Our little Robert was eight years old, and he was much interested in his grandmother's pet. He often followed her into the garden, and as he was gentle and tender with all animals, it did not surprise us that this toad accepted him as a friend. Robert used to catch him and hold him in his hand. I have seen him take a small twig and gently smooth the toad's back, — the creature showing lively signs of pleasure as the twig was slowly moved along its spine. Sometimes Robert would catch flies in the house and bring them out to the toad. I thought then that he was very kind to the toad, but afterward I thought he was not so kind to the flies.

The family dog also made friends with the toad, but evidently was not so well received, for he came in one day with his mouth frothing, and evidently very uncomfortable from the acrid fluid of the toad's glandular warts. Some of the family thought he was going mad, and were much frightened. I gave him some water, which he drank greedily, and was relieved from his suffering; in half an hour he was as well as usual.

A neighbor had a bee-hive full of bees, near which he often found the toads. As he did not want them to devour his bees, he would bring them into our garden so that they should destroy the numberless insects and worms that are injurious to our plants. I have read that when a toad gets hold of a large worm, he will seize it by the middle, and as it writhes into such contortions that the toad cannot swallow it, he sits down quietly with it in his mouth and then pushes it farther between his jaws, first with one paw and then with another, until he succeeds by alternate gulps and pushes in forcing the worm down his throat.

In the winter toads stay torpid in holes and crevices, under stones and stumps; and indeed they have the faculty of hiding themselves at any time, coming out however after a rain. "Thick as toads after a shower," is a proverb we sometimes hear.

THE HOSPITAL FLOWER.

BY MRS. LUTHER KEENE.

LILIAN BURR and Fanny, her neighbor, had been appointed visitors in the childrens' new hospital, — a vacation diversion somewhat novel, yet sufficiently exciting, as at least Lilian's wise mother thought.

"Mother dear, why not let the 'Fresh Air' folks take care of the poor things?"

"And why not carry them a fund of the fresh air you are storing away in your daily walks and drives, my child? Many a pining creature there will never see the fields where the sunshine lies so rich and free!"

Lilian's mother had been a life-long friend to the sick ones in the hospital, and trusted thus to catch her daughter's heart by guile, and enlist it in self-denying service.

"Hospital — hospitality — pretty nearly alike at the root, are n't they? But how different after all!" laughed the bright school-girl, settling a dainty hat over the puffs of her blond hair.

"Not different, Lilian; what could be more hospitable than to throw doors wide open to sick and poor, old and young, and to set kindly and educated nurses to serve them like invited guests?"

"And Fanny and I are to help entertain, I suppose, as when we 'received' with Mrs. Grace last New Year's," Lilian went on mischievously.

"Certainly; only in place of the polite compliments of the season, you will carry comforting words right out of your hearts, and some substantial tokens from your abundance."

Row upon row of white cots, scores of uplifted eyes, and the dignified white-capped nurses were bewildering enough to the young visitors as the doors softly closed behind them, and they found themselves standing for the first time in the corridor of the great ward. But Lilian soon made her way to the bedside of a crippled boy, whose sober eyes had followed her from her entrances into the room. Leaning over him, with some of mother's "comforting words," she was about to display the fine crimson scrap-book, with which she had planned to captivate many a baby-heart; but the brown eyes had wandered and the small fingers were reaching up past the book, trying to touch the bunch of nasturtiums nodding in her hat. "Oh, lady, how pretty! Please let me have just a smell of 'em; my grammy used to have 'em in our front yard." With some effort the eager hand was drawn from the gay flowers and quieted again on the coverlet. Lilian laid aside her pictures, — "just dead flowers," as Fritz scornfully declared them, — and wiped away some big tears which were actually dropping down his hollow cheeks, he telling meanwhile about the great beds of bright flowers in the home garden; till at her whispered promise of a basketful next Wednesday, his laugh rang like a bell through the corridor.

According to her word, the basket came, — dozens of nasturtiums nodding gayly over its edge, and Lilian's rosy face smiling above them. The children in the neighboring cots, or those of them who had two whole hands, set up a great clapping. Fritz just buried his face in his "field of flowers," and fairly hugged the big scarlet poppy which dropped on his pillow, "'cause that 's Grammy's posy too!"

All the closing week of vacation Lilian went flitting hither and yon, full of housekeeping secrets; and on the last Wednesday Fritz found himself the *visitor*, ensconced in some miraculous way on a wide couch in the great bay-window in Lilian's home. The brown eyes danced, though his poor tongue was dumb for joy. Lilian, awed at sight of a delight she had almost thoughtlessly given, stood smoothing the pretty silk quilt some minutes before her own heart was quiet enough to say calmly, "There, my boy, one whole week you can feast your eyes on flowers, and smell your heart-full of sweetness. I would n't wonder if Grammy herself were a bit happier up in the heavenly gardens, because her Fritz is happy here!"

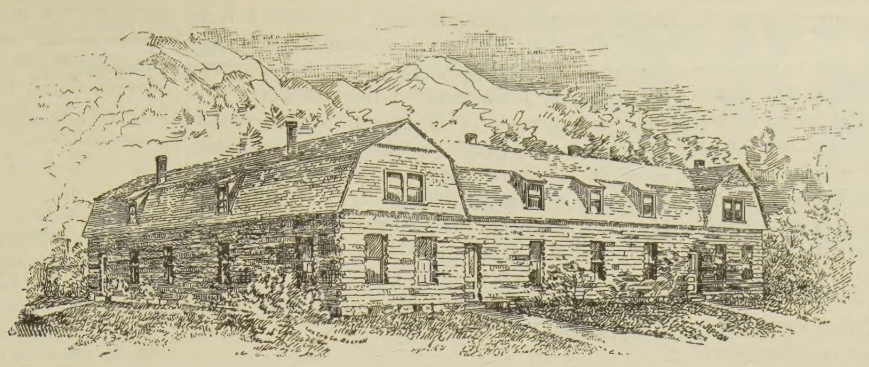
By the second day "in glory," as he called it, Fritz was minded to send a letter to his "chums" in the hospital "down on the old earth." As Lilian folded the scrawl called a letter, she noticed with amusement the curious illustrations pencilled on the margin; and next day when the music-box had "played itself to sleep," she brought forth card-board and pencil, saying, "Now, Fritz, draw me that bit out of the window, — the bough with the nest in it;" and was again surprised to note the quick, dexterous touches of those tiny fingers. A thought began to grow in Lilian's busy mind, and when the week "in glory" was over, the ripened thought was dropped into Mother's heart, — the receptacle for all such precious fruit.

"Mother dear, you know how I have always longed for a little brother to 'tend.' Why not bring Fritz back by and by, and let us play brother and sister awhile? Dr. Wise says his hip may be better in three months. Please let 's give him the little east bedroom, and ask Uncle Laurence to teach him drawing; he said the other day there was genius in those poor bony fingers."

So it fell out that as soon as Fritz could hobble on his crutch about the hospital grounds, he was duly installed in the bright east room, studying common things with Lilian, and "the great uncommon" with Uncle Laurence.

Five busy happy years went by; Lilian was a sweet young lady of twenty, still "playing" sister to her younger brother. It fell out just then that Uncle Laurence must go to Paris to paint pictures, taking with him his two boys and their mother. She was a wise little woman, full of good thoughts for everybody; so no one was astonished when she dropped one of her thoughts at breakfast one morning. "Why would n't it be just the thing to take Fritz along to teach our little fellows, — painting with Papa in leisure hours! We can't let them forget their dear mother-tongue by getting too full of foolish French. Now, Papa has simply *no* tongue at all when his eyes get fastened on soft clouds or beautiful faces, and mine must do the work of two; so there is no help for us but Fritz!"

(*Continued on Page* 112.)



MONTANA INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL FOR CROW INDIANS.

(*Rev. H. F. Bond, Superintendent.*)

BY GEN. J. F. B. MARSHALL.

As most of the readers of Every Other Sunday know, the American Unitarian Association has established an Industrial Boarding-School for Indian children among the Crow Indians in Montana. Why these Indians are called "Crows" it is hard to tell; but there is nothing funnier than some of the names of our North American Indians. One of the tribes just north of the Crows, on the borders of the British possessions, is called "Gros Ventres," a French name, signifying "Big Bellies;" while everybody who knows anything about Indians knows that they are anything but corpulent, — their roving, hunting life giving them smaller stomachs than white people, though they manage sometimes to crowd a great deal into them. The father of one of our Indian pupils at Hampton was named "Don't-Know-How," though there were few of his tribe that knew how better than he did. He knew how to give his little daughter a good education, for one thing; and his daughter knew how to improve her opportunities. After she had found out how much better it was to have a decent room and a good bed to sleep in, she wrote to her father, who was well off, that he must not live in a *tepee* (or tent) any longer, but must build a good house before she returned home. Old Don't-Know-How was very willing to please his little girl, of whom he was very fond, and went at once to work and built his house, and opened a store in a part of it, and asked one of his white friends to get a sign for him to put over the door, as the white traders did. So the sign was painted "D. K. How," which looked very civilized, and not like an Indian name at all. If we should trace back the origin of our own names, we should probably find that we got them in some such way. This little Indian girl, who came to the school as Sally Don't-Know-How, returned as Miss Sarah How, and kept her father's books. Another girl, whose father's name was Lays-out-of-Doors, and who came as Rosa Lays-out-of-Doors, which is a most absurd name for a young lady, probably went back as Miss Rosa Dorr.

But this is not telling you about the Crows, who are very degraded and uncivilized because no missionary work has been done for them. If you were to see some of them, you would think they were *scare-crows*, they are so dirty and ragged.

Some of the other tribes of Indians have become so civilized, through the efforts of the missionaries sent out by the churches and societies of other denominations, that you could not tell them from white people except by their color. What are called the five civilized tribes, who live on the borders of Kansas, not only dress like white people, but have their own churches, schools, and colleges, and edit their own newspapers. The whole country feels the benefit of the great missionary work that has been done for our Indians. In this good work our Unitarian denomination has just begun to take part; and instead of going where other churches have been laboring, we have begun at the very beginning, as we should do. We must do our part, and labor earnestly and patiently for the civilization, Christianization, and education of these neglected and degraded Crow Indian children. It will be hard, slow work; but we must persevere, having the promise that "in due season we shall reap if we faint not."

The following description of the first Christmas-tree at Ramona Ranch, which is the name of the farm on which the school-buildings stand, is written by Mrs. Bond, wife of the Rev. Henry F. Bond, who is the principal of the School.

The Christmas-Tree at Ramona Ranch.

We had it on Christmas Eve. Fortunately the day was warm, so that our nine girls and two little boys could be kept out of doors at play while we were making our preparations. They all believed that Santa Claus was coming, and questioned us very earnestly as to who he was, and where he was coming from, and how he would get his sleigh on top of the house, and how he could get down through the stove-funnel and bring all his presents down too, and how he would look, and whether they should see him. Being told that Santa Claus had much travelling to do and a long, long way to come, they became anxious lest he should not reach here in time; and when our farmer returned in the afternoon from the railroad station, whither he had been sent for whatever Christmas packages might have come, they asked him if he had seen Santa Claus, and were made very happy by the reply, "No, I didn't see him; but I heard from him, and he will be here to-night."

The sewing-room, in the middle of which the tree was placed, opens into the school-room; and here, after supper on Christmas Eve, the children were gathered, while Miss Crosby, their teacher, played for them to sing. And as the candles were being lighted and the last little touches given to the tree, this is what they were singing: —

"Jolly old Saint Nicholas,
Lean your ear this way;
Don't you tell a single soul
What I 'm going to say!
Christmas Eve is coming soon;
Now, you dear old man,
Whisper what you 'll bring to me,
Tell me if you can.

"Johnny wants a pair of skates;
Susie wants a doll;
Nellie wants a story-book, —
Don't you hear her call?
As for me, my little brain
Is n't very bright;
Choose for me, old Santa Claus,
What you think is right."

As the song ended, a loud laughing and heavy steps, mingled with jingling of bells, were heard in the room above, while the old fellow's jolly voice called out a Christmas greeting. The children's faces lighted with joy or grew anxious with almost fear, for now they *knew* Santa Claus had come. There was a moment of excited suspense. Then the music was changed to a march, the door was thrown open, and the children made several circuits around the tree, that they might feast their eyes on the wonderful sight. Then they were seated along the side of the room, while the Superintendent, with the aid of two little boys, Frank Keiser and Peter Cooper, distributed the gifts. Each child had an orange, an apple, a bag of candy, and several things besides. They were allowed to sit up longer than usual that they might enjoy their new possessions, and had much to say of Santa Claus, whom they did not see because it was supposed that he must hasten on to the Indian school at the Agency. Said one, "I hear him. He say, 'How, how!'" — the Indian greeting.

At last these happy little ones went to bed; and all such as can speak English closed their prayers as usual with the petition, "and make me like Jesus."

This was the first Christmas-tree at the Montana School, the first these little Indian children had ever seen, and probably the first visit of Santa Claus to the whole Crow Reservation.

Would the children who read Every Other Sunday like to know a little of what our Indian children do on ordinary week-days? As soon as breakfast is over, Mr. Bond has a short devotional service with the children, and all who can leave their duties gather about the piano in the school-room. Then the girls march to their dormitory to make their beds, while the little boys go to their room for the same purpose, — for these little fellows, six years old, have learned to do this kind of work pretty well. This done, two of the larger girls wash the breakfast-dishes, two more help about the house as required, while the smaller ones amuse themselves till wanted in school. Some days one or two are taken to the laundry to wash their own clothes. The same girls who wash the breakfast-dishes wash all the dishes for the day, while two others do that work the next day. After dinner all but the dish-washers are sent out of doors for an hour or more of play. Then comes the sewing-lesson, and then more school. Every evening after supper we have simple little dances, marches, singing, games, or blowing of soap-bubbles, until eight o'clock, when the children are marched to their dormitories. There the ailing ones are cared for, and all snugly tucked in their little cots and affectionately bidden "Good-night." They often call after us a second time, "Good-night, Mamma! Give me kiss!" They are affectionate, docile, and happy little children.

Are there questions you children would like to ask? If I could know any such I would gladly try to answer them.

Pamela O. Bond.

(*Continued from Page* 110.)

Even sister Lilian said "Amen" to this surprising scheme, and with her benediction made doubly blessed by many substantial tokens tucked into the corners of his trunk, Fritz went over the sea to a wonderful world of which he knew nothing except in his books and dreams; but out of which he came "home" one day an artist to be proud of, and a true friend to lean upon, and with a look in his face as if his stay abroad had been another long visit "in glory."

Years after, in a great city, Lilian was passing through a fine old studio with her own daughters; as they lingered before the flower-pieces and nobly pictured faces, the artist himself drew near in his rolling chair, to which his increasing lameness confined him. In answer to their words of praise, he turned quickly from his own wonderful creations to Lilian's face, with affectionate reverence, saying, "And your life-long goodness, my sister, is all the glory of it."

Lilian's voice trembled as she tried to answer, tenderly smoothing the frail hand upon the wheel, "But of all the lovely pictures which line these walls, the worthiest and most prized by those who know him is our own 'Hospital Flower.'"

KIND DEEDS.

BY EVELYN S. FOSTER.

"And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend."

"How much pains you take, Aunt Bertha, to shout a daily bulletin of news into Grandpa's ears," said pretty Alice Andrews; "does n't it tire you?"

"It may tire me a little; but after all, it gives me far more pleasure than weariness. The sense of solitude that a deaf person feels must be very sad. He sees people having merry times around him, and his deafness shuts him out from them all. Besides, even if his life has been unusually bright, an old person must have seen many sorrows; so few that were young with him live to grow old with him. I think we can't be too tender and thoughtful of the old," answered Aunt Bertha.

"Words of wisdom, Auntie dear; but how happened you to think of all this? I never thought much about it, and I am not many years younger than you are, Aunt, and I am not awfully selfish either," added Alice, who had a school-girl's fondness for the word "awfully," whether it fitted the occasion or not.

"I might never have thought much about this myself, but for a little incident that occurred when I was a child. Your mother had just returned from a visit at Aunt Margaret's; you had been there with her, but were too young to notice much outside a child's world. Aunt Polly was living there then; she was Grandpa's sister, — you remember her? She was your great-great-aunt. She was really no relative of Aunt Margaret, except through her marriage to Uncle John. She was then very feeble, and could not hear even as well as your grandpa can now. Your mother said, when talking over her visit, 'I do think Aunt Margaret is very kind, for no matter how tired she is, or how busy, she takes time every day to shout all the news into Aunt Polly's ears; and Aunt Polly enjoys hearing it as much as a child enjoys a new toy.' Your mother was so much in earnest about it that the remark impressed me strongly, little girl though I was, and I determined to be as kind as Aunt Margaret to all the old people about me; and so through Aunt Margaret's unconscious influence I have given many an old person a happy half-hour."

"You have given Grandpa," said Alice, "many happy hours, I am sure. I think however it is your steadfastness in clinging to a good resolution that the old people are indebted to, as much as Aunt Margaret's influence. I must try 'to go and do likewise.' We ought to tell Aunt Margaret of this. Won't she be surprised to learn that the good she did so many years ago is still going on?"

"Will it be the song 'found again in the heart of a friend'?"

Teachers' Department.

The Editor urges all teachers who read Every Other Sunday to turn back to page 111, and learn from Gen. Marshall and Mrs. Bond about our Unitarian mission work among the Indians. Perhaps some of them will be able to raise money in their respective schools to aid our missionaries in their good work.

The Editor's Study.

Our Unitarian friends in England are rapidly increasing the number of their manuals. Three of the latest publications of the London Sunday-School Association are on our table. They all deal, though in very different ways, with the books of the Old Testament. First on the list comes "The Method of Creation: A Comparison of the Book of Nature with the Book of Genesis;" by Henry W. Crosskey, LL.D., F.G.S. In his Preface the author tells us that his little volume is "an attempt to make certain great laws by which the work of Creation has been carried on as intelligible to those who are not geologists as are the rudiments of astronomy to those who are not astronomers." The Book of Genesis is treated as a collection of ancient documents, written and edited by several unknown authors; while at the same time the religious principles that are taught in its opening chapter are clearly set forth. The *method* of Creation is then explained, so far as the sciences of chemistry, geology, and astronomy have thrown light upon that method. The rest of the book is an admirable primer of geology, concluding with an account of the creation of man.

Bible Stories for Little Folks, by Isabel Lawford, is a small book in flexible covers, containing twenty-five short stories about events and characters described in the Old Testament. These stories are much more briefly told than the similar stories in Mr. Dole's "Early Hebrew Stories," and cover a wider range of the books of the Bible. The author wisely refrains from moralizing or preaching. Her book will be welcomed by mothers and teachers who wish to interest young children in the graphic stories of the Hebrew Scriptures.

Chapters on Job, for Young Readers, by Rev. Dr. G. Vance Smith, is a useful manual for pupils who are old enough to comprehend the character-drama given us in the wonderful Book of Job. It may be consulted with advantage by those classes in our schools that will use the new manual published by the Unitarian Sunday-School Society, "The Later Heroes of Israel," in one chapter of which the Book of Job is analyzed and discussed.

No one of these English manuals contains any questions. They are reading-books, rather than text-books on the topics which they treat.

It may be mentioned in this connection that the Unitarian Sunday-School Society is soon to issue an edition of a most excellent Question-Book with Reading Exercises, entitled "The Flock at the Fountain." The original of this manual was written by Mrs. Sarah Flower Adams, author of "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

A NEW MANUAL.

The Unitarian Sunday School Society has just issued Mr. Spaulding's new manual on "The Later Heroes of Israel: With Notes and Questions." This manual is No. III. of the series of Sunday-school lessons on "Lives and Deeds." It contains five chapters, with questions for fourteen lessons. The chapter titles are: "The Parable of Jonah," "The Statesman Prophet," "The Good King," "The Prophet of Woe," "Job." The book is the result of a careful study of this portion of the literature of Israel in the light of modern scholarship and of recent Biblial criticism.

CULTURE AND CHARACTER.

In this country we are laboring with great zeal and vast pecuniary resources to promote the cause of culture. We educate, educate, educate, as somebody once said we ought to do; but whether the result is to produce much that can be called *culture* in any high sense is an open question. A criterion may, perhaps, be found in a comparison of the rising with the now adult generation. Are our young people showing graces of mind and character in more abundant measure than their parents? Are their aims higher? Is their language better? Are their intellectual occupations more serions? Are their manners gentler and more refined? We do not propose to answer these questions dogmatically; but this we say, that, unless there has been an improvement in these several respects, a vast amount of educational effort has not met its full reward. Speaking broadly, it seems to us that the culture of our educated classes, or of the classes supposed to be educated, leaves much to be desired; and we are disposed to think that one reason of this is that we have conceived of education in too purely an intellectual sense. We have thought more of sharpening the thinking faculties than of liberalizing the sentiments or softening the manners. We have introduced too much of rivalry into education, and represented education too much as a preparation for further rivalry in after life. We have imparted knowledge, but have only to a very moderate extent succeeded in inculcating wisdom; and knowledge without wisdom seems poor, thin, and sometimes even meaningless.

We need, as it seems to us, to devote more consideration than we have hitherto done to the question, What is the true ideal of human life? If we can fix upon the true ideal, we can proceed to educate toward that, and our work will then be directed toward something that is an end in itself. The knowledge we impart will be held by a different tenure, and applied in a different spirit. What each one knows will be his or her equipment toward a worthier fulfilment of social duties, a worthier realization of what is best in himself or herself, and not a mere stock-in-trade for the procuring of personal gratifications. — *Popular Science Monthly.*

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